

The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past pacience,
Or more then any living man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutwall closure of our house:
Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.

Lucius. Thankes gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

of *Titus Andronicus*

But gentle people giue me aime
Fornature puts me to a heauie t
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle dr
To shed obsequious teares vpo
Oh take this warme kisse on thy
These sorrowful drops vpon th
The last true duties of thy noble

Marc. Teare for teare, and l
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on
Oh were the summe of these tha
Countlesse and infinite, yet wo

Lucius. Come hither boy com
To melt in showers, thy Grand
Many a time he daunst thee on
Sung thee asleepe, his louing b
Many a matter hath he told to
Meete and agreeing with thine
In that respect then, like a louin
Shed yet some small drops for
Because kinde nature doth req
Friends should associate friend
Bid him farewell, commit him
Doe them that kindnes and ta

Puer. O Grandfier, Grandfi
Would I were dead so you did
O Lord I cannot speake to him
My teares will choake me if I o

Romaine. You sad *Andronicus*
Giue sentence on this execrable
That hath bene breeder of thes

Lucius. Set him breast deepe i
There let him stand and raue an
If any one releues or pitties hi
For the offence he dies, this is o